

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 53

No.

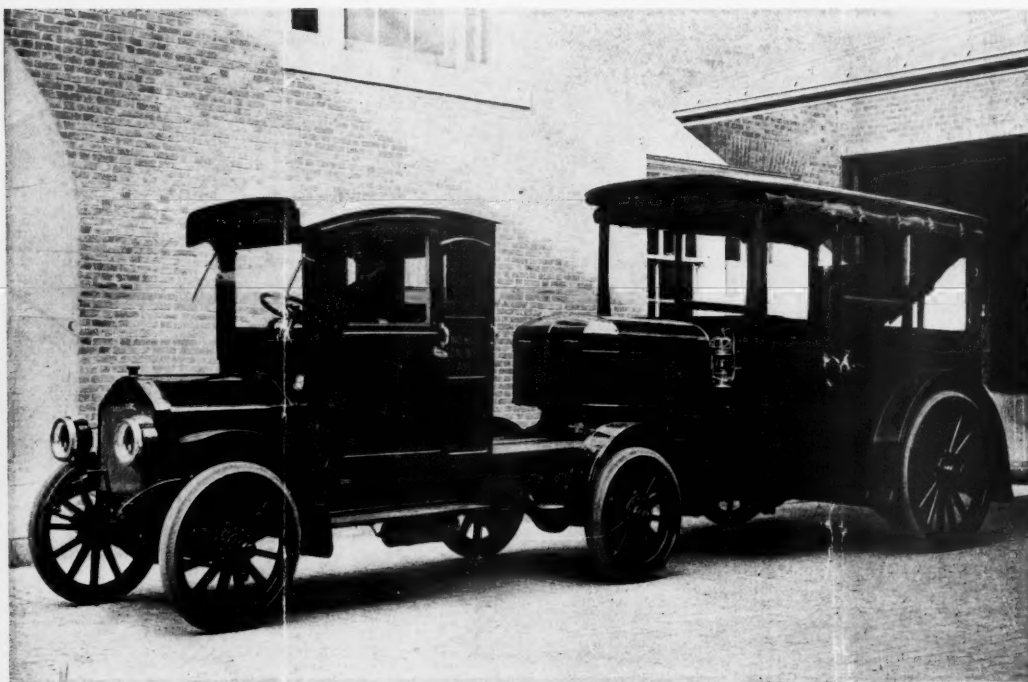
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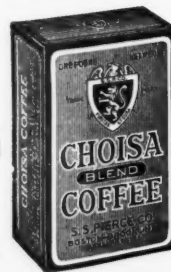
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# Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the act of March 3, 1879  
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1918

Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Vol. 53

October, 1920

No. 5

KINDNESS," says Victor Hugo, "is the sunshine of the spiritual world." The most of us know where the shadows come from.

IF you are fond of animals, your friends will know it, and the Humane Society, too, as well as the animals.

A MAN is as cruel as the things he permits. Not to protest a crime and oppose it, is to condone it.

THIS is just as true of a nation. The inhuman methods followed in the slaughter of the most of our food animals, against which, as a people, we raise no cry demanding justice for these victims of our appetite, proclaim us a cruel lot.

FEW things injure the animal cause more than to overdo our devotion to animals. Expensive funerals, lavish outlay in burial lots and tombstones, lead many people to think the whole movement for animal welfare rests on nothing but sentiment—often a very foolish sentiment. Its foundation is justice. It honors sentiment, but it holds by reason.

ALL honor to the twenty-seven sailors, members of the crew of the American steamer Montara, who, while their ship was breaking up on the rocks near Louisburg, C. B., returned to the wreck for three pet cats that had been forgotten. They risked their lives to do this, as the stern of the vessel dropped into the sea just as the cats were being taken from it.

A CATTLE train is a procession of unwilling victims forced on toward the altar of sacrifice. It would be bad enough to be killed near where you were born. But to be transported through ten, twelve, fifteen hundred miles of hunger, thirst, fright, weariness, to the place of execution is an additional cruelty wholly unnecessary. We build our great flour mills near our great wheat fields. We crowd millions of sheep and swine and cattle into freight cars and bring them from the West to the Eastern sea coast to slaughter. Why? Ask the packers.

## IF THE DOG APPEARS MAD, DON'T KILL HIM

ONCE more we say, don't kill the supposedly rabid dog. This for the sake, not now of the dog, but for your sake if you have been bitten. If the dog is mad, in all probability he is not, he will be dead in eight days from rabies. If he doesn't die, you know he isn't mad, and anyone bitten need never worry about having hydrophobia. Catch the dog somehow, if possible, with some sort of net or noose. Get him into any kind of enclosure, or yard, or kennel, and keep him under observation for a week. The average officer thinks that every dog that bites anyone must be mad, and that he must shoot him. If every man and woman were shot who, irritated, worried, hungry, thirsty, sick, frightened, snap at and bite, metaphorically speaking, the first persons they meet, what a destruction of the population!

## BLESSED BY A BULL-FIGHT

JANE ADDAMS went once to a bull-fight in Spain. She saw five bulls killed and as many horses. When her friends expressed their surprise at her indifference to the bloody sport, she said she had not thought much about it. Then she began to think. The more she thought, the more her conscience troubled her. She had been contemplating engaging in some form of social work. It suddenly was impressed upon her that she had been lulling her conscience to sleep by a dream of service that was remaining only a dream, that she was not really in earnest. It was the memory of her attitude of indifference to the bull-fight that acted as a mirror to her soul and stirred her to action. She returned to America, and the famous Hull House of Chicago came into being. This is the only good thing we ever heard as connected with a bull-fight, except when the tortured bull got even with his torturers.

TO make people laugh is to make them forget. What a benefactor to humanity is he who can bestow forgetfulness.

VICTOR HUGO

## HOW TO INVEST A MILLION

IT'S the child and not the animal that Humane Education puts first. Make the child the friend of bird and beast, and your societies for the prevention of cruelty can go out of business. A generation trained in justice and kindness means the end of the worst forms of cruelty both to animal and man.

Money counts nowhere for so much as when invested in the character of a child. He better go hungry a hundred times and suffer any number of discomforts rather than grow up with a callous and selfish nature. A knowledge of the three "R's" and a fine sense of justice will make a far better citizen of him than a dozen universities, if all they concern themselves with is above his eyes. Schools of learning never have made and never can make the world's greatest saviors. Their value to humanity came from what they were, and not from what they knew of science, or literature, or art. "Out of the heart are the issues of life."

A million, ten million, a hundred million dollars invested in planting in the hearts of the boys and girls of this country the principles of justice, compassion, kindness to defenseless animal life, would do more for the solution of the problems that face the United States today, and to assure a future for the nation of law and order and peace and goodwill, than any number of millions given to universities.

It was no professional humanitarian, but just a clear-visioned newspaper editor, who said: "International peace begins, if anywhere, in that reverence for life, for individuality, for personality, which has its roots in kindness to animals." The child is always more interested in an animal than in his human fellow. Stir the sense of justice in his soul till he will deal fairly with the animal, and he'll do as much, when the need comes, for his fellow.

Oh, generous readers with wealth at your command, put it into Humane Education! Bury it as golden seed in the characters of the children of today! This is to make history. This is to hasten the day of peace on earth, good-will to men.



## MEMBERSHIP IN JACK LONDON CLUB NOW 144,690

SCORES OF OTHER CLUBS FORMED SINCE OURS OF WHOSE MEMBERSHIP WE HAVE NO REPORT

THE Club gained last month 5,084 new members.

ONE of its most active members, who has sent in more than 100 names, lives in South Africa.

ONE real lover of animals, a member of the Jack London Club, has volunteered to stand with our large poster in the streets of Boston. Who will join her? It will be easier for two than for one. Here's a chance for real heroism.

IF you never happened to see this magazine before, probably you are wondering what the Jack London Club is. It's a society with no officers and no dues. It was started, primarily, because of Jack London's disclosures in his book, "Michael Brother of Jerry," of the cruelties behind the trick animal performances in our theaters and other places. He was no sentimentalist. He never cried "wolf" when there was no "wolf," or asked you to weep when there was no cause for tears. But he says that in the trained animal performance cruelty has blossomed into its perfect flower.

To join this Club all you have to do is to agree to do the one thing that London says will finally banish these performances from the stage, viz., get up and go out of the theater during that part of the program. Will you do it? If so, please send us your name.

It is hoped all members of the Club, before purchasing tickets at any theater or place of public amusement where performing animals are ever exhibited, will ask if any such features are on the program, refusing to purchase tickets if the answer is in the affirmative.

When leaving any place because of an animal performance always let the management know why you are leaving or going out during that part of the performance, or write a letter to the management after returning home.



READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL BROTHER OF JERRY"

A COPY OF THE BOOK FREE AS A

PRIZE FOR THREE ONE-DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO *Our Dumb Animals*, ALSO FOR ONE HUNDRED NEW NAMES TO THE CLUB. Thirty-nine copies of the book have already been given as prizes; several of these to schools. The volume will be mailed, post free, to any address upon receipt of price, one dollar.

### Will You Volunteer?

*The Animals' Friend*, London, contains an attractive picture of Mlle. Yvonne Arnaud carrying on the street a poster some 24 by 20 inches. It is part of the "Bird Poster Parade," a movement on behalf of the bill to prevent the destruction of birds for their plumage. The poster bears the picture of a bird and the words, "Thirteen out of eighteen species of Humming-Bird gone forever."

Are there not a few real lovers of animals among the young women who have joined the Jack London Club—young women with the courage to carry through the streets of their several cities our Jack London Club posters, if only for an occasional half day? We will furnish the posters. Two young ladies going together would attract great attention and do more to drive the animal trick performance from the stage than almost anything else we can think of.

### We Had Never Heard of It

The National Canine Defence League of England says, in its annual report for 1919:

"It will be recalled that in 1913 the League issued a pledge, by which the signatories bound themselves to leave their seats at any place of entertainment where animals performed. Over 30,000 persons signed this pledge, and the idea has since been copied in America under the title of 'The Jack London Club,' some branches of which have been recently established in this country."

We are glad to know of this undertaking of seven years ago, but we had never heard of it. It was worth copying, but we didn't copy it. The suggestion came from reading Jack London's book. We hope the 30,000 pledges mentioned have been greatly increased since 1913. This English organization recently secured the conviction of an animal trainer for neglecting for twenty-eight hours to feed or care for his trained dog.

### Look Out for the Hagenbeck and Wallace Circus

A friend, a member of the Jack London Club, writes us:



THIS CAT, "MIMI," WAS HANDED TO THE NATIONAL CANINE DEFENCE LEAGUE, LONDON, BY A MAGISTRATE WHO CONVICTED THE OWNER OF CRUELTY TO PERFORMING ANIMALS. THE DOGS WERE ALSO RESCUED BY THE LEAGUE FROM THE DEFENDANT

"I would like to call the attention of Humane Societies through the country to the Hagenbeck and Wallace Circus. It has recently been in Bangor, Maine, and the abuse heaped upon the lions in an act in the ring was very brutal. Our agent, Mr. Pendleton, was late in the afternoon, so did not see this until evening, when he went again and made the manager take the lions out of the ring. The so-called trainer was evidently desirous of making them appear savage, because our agent said he struck them heavy blows with a rod on the nose and had a sharp fork that he jabbed them with. Had we known about the performance sooner, we could have prosecuted the owner, but unfortunately we learned it too late. We had it stopped here, but it will be given somewhere else."

### A Live Club

We take the following from the *Seattle, Washington, Union Record*:

"Bull-dogging exhibitions, features of wild west events at Walla Walla and Pendleton for years, must go, Mrs. Canford B. Ricaby, of the Jack London Club, announces.

"Mrs. Ricaby took action to have bull-dogging and other cruelty to animals features eliminated at Centralia. She is confident that similar exhibitions at Walla Walla and Pendleton will be prevented. The Pendleton matter is being handled through Oregon branches of the Jack London Club."

Eventually, Mrs. Ricaby predicts, all cruel features will be abolished from Northwest shows.

### What She Saw

A well-known lady, a member of the League, writes to the Performing and Captive Animals' Defence League, London, England:

"I was for many years a singer in one of the Savoy opera touring companies, and one week followed a well-known cat-trainer who had stayed at my rooms. The landlady's son, who was a local stage-hand, had seen him take a cat by the hind-legs and dash its head against the stone wall of the theater because it had failed in several tricks, being ill. It fortunately died in a few minutes. I saw these most unfortunate cats, packed tightly in their cages, on board the Isle of Man steamer from Liverpool. They nearly all had mange, and I shall never forget the hopeless misery of their faces.

### Ways of Helping the Work

Here are suggestions for helping on the cause against the trained-animal performance. They are quoted from the *Animals' Friend*, England, on the page devoted to the League above-mentioned:

1. Distributing literature outside music halls where animal "turns" are on, or amongst friends, or from house to house.
2. Expressing disapproval by hissing cruel "turns," or leaving your seat while that part of the performance lasts.
3. Writing to music-hall managers to express disapproval.
4. Writing letters to the press, when such performances occur in your neighborhood, avoiding any mention of individuals which might be considered libellous.

5. Sending names and addresses of people likely to be willing to help.

Leaflets for distribution may be had on application to the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

#### Traffic in Wild Animals

The Club opposes all forms of cruelty to animals, including the traffic in wild animals doomed to captivity. *Chambers' Journal* gives us this sad information: that never before have wild beasts been in such demand; that every Zoo is crying out for animals; that there are orders in hand for £40,000 worth of animals from American Gardens, £20,000 worth from British Zoos, and other orders from continental towns.

One who has read this article in which the story is told of the methods pursued in capturing these unhappy victims of man's cruelty, says:

"The general feeling we have after reading the article is that the whole business is very heartless and cruel from beginning to end, and visitors to the Zoos and animal performances should certainly be informed what these exhibitions entail in animal suffering before they give their patronage to such places."

#### Wild Animal Pets

From the *Evening Standard*, London, we copy this:

"I have received a letter from H. B. M., Consul at Pernambuco, informing me that agents are coming to Brazil for the purpose of purchasing for exportation to Europe wild animals, including various kinds of marmosets, which are extremely delicate and absolutely unfit to withstand the European climate. Very many die on the passage, and many more on arrival, unless they are kept in hot-houses and supplied with the proper kind of food. H. B. M. Consul asks me to appeal to the animal-loving public to discourage, as far as possible, the importation of these and many other species of tropical animals and birds to the United Kingdom. The Royal Society also protests against 'the useless sacrifice of animal life which this traffic involves.'"

It is an old, old fashion, and one to human nature's reproach, to have wild and strange pets. Victor Hugo tells us:

"Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland and Countess of Southampton, had a marmoset for a page. Frances Sutton, Baroness Dudley, eighth peeress in the bench of barons, had tea served by a baboon clad in gold brocade, which her ladyship called My Black. Catherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester, used to go and take her seat in Parliament in a coach with armorial bearings, behind which stood, with muzzles high up in the air, three Cape monkeys in grand livery. A Duchess of Medina-Celi, at whose toilet Cardinal Pole assisted, had her stockings put on by an ourang-outang."

From the Portland, Maine, *Evening Express and Advertiser*, July 20, 1920.

To the Editor: To my mind one of the indications that we are progressing is that on the day following the recent circus, people asked as to how they liked the show almost generally replied in effect, "It would have been a good show, but the animal tortures at the beginning spoiled it all for me." If a majority of average citizens feel that way, it is a pretty sure sign that the days of so-called animal acts are nearing the finish. Think for a moment.



THE MAJESTIC HEAD OF "MAN O' WAR"

This three-year old champion, son of Fair Play and Mahubah, is held priceless by his owner, Samuel Riddle of Philadelphia, who recently refused an offer of \$200,000 for him.

#### FOR WAR HORSES AND MULES

##### Bronze Memorial Tablet to be Erected in U. S. War Department Building

PERMISSION has been granted by the proper Federal authorities to the American Red Star Animal Relief to erect a memorial tablet in the War Department Building, Washington, D. C., to commemorate the services of American horses and mules killed in service overseas. There were 242,133 of these animals employed during the war, the casualty list numbering 68,682.

Horses and mules played a most important part in the military operations throughout the war area. Contrary to popular opinion, they were largely used for the transportation of supplies up to the very front, operating in zones where it was quite impossible to utilize motor transports, and a large amount of the artillery was entirely dependent upon horse and mule transportation. In fact, one of the grave problems of the war was the keeping of a sufficient supply of animals constantly available to do the important work necessary for successful military operations.

General Pershing recently paid the following fine tribute to the horse and mule for their parts played in the war:

"The army horses and mules proved of inestimable value in prosecuting the war to a successful conclusion. They were found in all the theaters of preparation and operation, doing their silent, but faithful, work without the faculty of hoping for any reward or compensation."

The proposed tablet, the first of its kind to be placed in any Federal building, will be wrought of bronze, forty by forty-eight inches. The design is suggestive of an ancient Greek sarcophagus, and is plain and severe in its simple beauty. The figures and lettering will be modeled in relief.

Six magnificent lions taken from their jungle homes, imprisoned in cages that give them barely room in which to turn around, and hustled the length and breadth of the country on jolting railroad trains through the sultry summer weather. Prodded by irons and lashed with rawhides, they are, through fear alone, kept in a state where a brute of a man may put them through paces with a reasonable security that they will not turn on him. With spirits broken, and not realizing their own strength, they are compelled to admit the mastery of man. God save the word "mastery!" In the ring they are lashed and prodded with sharp irons, blinded and bewildered by blank cartridges discharged in their faces. Twice daily are they tortured with no other object than to awaken the smoldering fires of primitive majesty and power to a point where, like a tormented cat, they will growl and strike out half-heartedly with a paw. Occasionally one will advance menacingly toward the object of his hatred, which is only an invitation to more lashing and prodding, until he is forced back. Then the "trainer" bows and scrapes, throws out his chest and waits for the plaudits which corroborate his own belief that he is the bravest man in the world.

Seated near me at the circus was a boy, an animal lover, a member of the Jack London Club, whose indignation was aroused to the highest pitch every time the rawhide cracked. "I'd like to see the whole six of those lions rush that husky brute!" he exclaimed. And I think there were a good many who felt the same way. We may have improved in many ways, but if this is the sort of thing the American people demand, call sport and enjoy, then all I can say is that the gap that separates the cave man days from the present is a narrow one.

#### AN ANIMAL LOVER

The gentleman who wrote this letter, we happen to know, is one of the most influential citizens of Portland.

## THE HORSE AND HIS DRIVER

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 15, 1920.

Editor of *Our Dumb Animals*:—

Perhaps our city is fairly representative, owing to the fact that we have almost every nationality in the world, and hence a few facts as to the treatment of animals may be of interest to your readers.

There is an imperfect definition of horsemanship, viz: A profession for which one need have no experience or qualification. Just take the rein. Use no judgment. Get all the work out of the animal possible. Jerk the bit and use the whip incessantly.

The following cases have come under my own personal observation, are absolutely authentic, and will go to prove the inability of the average driver, and I trust owners of horses will think of these possibilities when entrusting their horses to drivers:—

1. A horse who always stopped at twelve o'clock when the whistle blew for dinner, cruelly treated because he would not go three blocks more without his dinner. He was intelligent, and the driver irrational.

2. A big bay horse who would lay his head against the driver's shoulder if he would lead him over the slippery places, but held back because of a stiff knee and fear of falling. Whip lashes and many of them.

3. A big gray horse pulled a wet-wash wagon with broken brake, which pressed on the wheel all day. This condition was overlooked by the driver, and the horse pulled a heavy load in addition to this enormous weight, sweating from the exertion.

4. A driver touched his nervous horse with a whip when behind another wagon, to show his expert horsemanship, and in stopping forcibly broke the harness. The crowd sympathized with the driver; my sympathy was with the trembling horse.

5. A horse was struck a stinging blow with a new whip for pulling the weight of a heavy truck on an incline toward the right instead of toward the left, which made it easier for him to start.

These may be considered trifling things, but could have been avoided by a little thought on the part of the driver, but what a difference it would make to the horse, who is so often misunderstood, and who does the suffering.

On the other hand I have seen:—

1. A horse put his nose in his master's pocket for a piece of bread (which he always found).

2. A driver show his watch to a big team of bay horses, and jokingly say, "Old fellows, it's time to eat."

3. A horse nibble his driver's coat sleeve and not get a punch in the face.

4. A driver say, confidingly, "Old boy, you're tired, and I'm tired. Let's go home."

5. And, often, the welcoming neigh when his master approaches.

But greatest of all is the glance of mutual understanding between horse and man, and the gentle pat of appreciation when the willing horse has done his best, for the horse is man's friend, and a clever horseman is an artist in his profession and requires more brains, judgment, and common sense than do those in the average or generality of occupations. All respect for the boy or man who is not ashamed to love his horse!

HARRIET R. GREENLAND

WHEREVER there is a human being there is an opportunity for kindness. SENECA

## BE MERCIFUL

MARY H. MACCREADY

I SAW him plod along the city street,  
A sweating horse, that dragged a heavy drag  
With many bales piled high.  
And God, who made all life, both creatures  
dumb  
And those that speak, from his high throne in  
heaven,  
Looked down with watchful eye.

God's pitying eye looked on his creature, dumb.  
But with how stern a heart must He have thought  
On him who piled that load,  
The stolid driver, who, an added weight,  
With cruel heart and careless eye, sat still,  
Unmerciful, and rode!

How shall we answer in that final hour?  
How sue for mercy from a God most just,  
Who reigns supreme above,  
Unless we speak for those who cannot speak,  
And treat the patient creatures He has made  
With mercy and with love?

## HORSE SAVES LIFE OF MATE

FRIENDSHIP of one horse for another recently saved the life of a valuable horse in Rapid City, South Dakota, according to the *Daily Tribune* of Casper, Wyoming.

When Charles Boodleman went to feed the team that had been turned out all night to graze, Emperor, one of the pair, was missing, and Duke, the other member of the team, refused to eat. Instead, as soon as Mr. Boodleman appeared, Duke hurried up the gulch. Mr. Boodleman followed and found Duke looking into an old prospect hole into which Emperor had fallen and from which he was unable to extricate himself.

## WISCONSIN STATE AGENT

RECOGNITION of the administration of humane work, in all its branches, as a function of the state has been given by Wisconsin in the appointment of Dr. A. E. Frederick, of Sparta, as State Humane Agent. Dr. Frederick has planned a rigorous enforcement of the humane laws, educational campaigns, and state-wide organization of humane societies, having recently made a study of methods employed in the eastern states. While his work concerns the welfare of children and aged persons, in addition to animals, he will make special efforts to introduce humane education, through Bands of Mercy and otherwise, in all sections of Wisconsin.

CRUELTY to animals, when it is known to be characteristic of an individual, justly brings down upon him the indignation of the virtuous and religious part of the community, who regard him as a universal enemy.

REV. JOHN STYLES, D.D.

## KINDNESS ON THE FARM PAYS

KINDNESS to dumb animals is a paying investment on the farm, according to the Bureau of Animal Industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. Particularly in the treatment of dairy cows is kindness essential. A contented cow at milking time usually chews her cud and lets her milk down freely.

No one ever saw a profitable dairy farm where the attendant repeatedly lost his temper and was otherwise unkind. The cows avoid such a caretaker. The attendant must not only be a first-class feeder, but he must know the value of action and words in order that the dairy cow may make a record in the herd. Kindness, quiet handling and gentle disposition in the care of dairy animals make for a more profitable milk production.

## EXHIBIT OF HORSESHOEING

TWENTY-FIVE hoofs of horses were assembled by the experts of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture of Pennsylvania to demonstrate how horses should not be shod and how to shoe them to meet various defects. The exhibition was displayed at the Capitol first and then sent to various county fairs throughout the State as part of the department exhibit.

## A LIVE SOCIETY

THE Jacksonville, Florida, Humane Society is a live and progressive organization. Under the able leadership of Mrs. R. Fleming Bowden, who became its president last April, a great impetus has been acquired in various lines of humane effort, and a highly creditable record of accomplishment has resulted.

A valuable tract of ten acres, the gift of Mr. Bowden, has been set aside as a rest farm for animals. President Bowden purposes to raise several thousand dollars for the construction of needful shelters for animals and a log cabin for caretakers. Until the Rest Farm can be opened and occupied, which, through the generous gift of Mr. H. F. Lewith of Charleston, S. C., is to be named the "Be Kind to Animals" Rest, care and pasturage are being given to all applicants on the Bowden estate (Point La Vista) at whose very gates cattle and horses come and go, day and night, to the immense drinking trough of fast running water—sometimes as many as fifty at a time awaiting their turn.

This Humane Society has an ambulance for small animals' transport; maintains a field officer who is receiving the best of support and co-operation; and has, besides its energetic officers, three trustees, fourteen directors and six suburban chairmen, all interested actively. With such a force of humane workers, the Jacksonville Society is setting an enviable pace among all the cities of the Southern States.



MRS. R. FLEMING BOWDEN RECEIVING TIRED-OUT HORSES AT HER ESTATE



## ONLY A DOG

ALICE E. WRIGHT

THEY say it is only a dog who has died,  
And many think it is weak to have cried,  
But those who know the heart of a dog  
Have caught just a glimpse of the love of God.

For there never has been a friend more true  
Than the dog who has passed away from you,  
And never more will you find a friend  
More faithful to you till your life shall end.

There are many people who just pass by—  
Never lift an eyelid or heave a sigh  
At sight of the wrongs, and cruel pain  
Inflicted on those who call in vain.

Yet these are the people who often pray  
To a God whom they think they serve each day,  
But would never lend a hand or pause  
To see justice done to the good dogs' cause.

Then they sit by the hour and watch a show  
Of animals trained by whip and blow,  
Then kept in misery day by day  
That you may be pleased by their brilliant play.

Oh, you men and women who love to pray  
To a God whom you think you serve each day,  
Just lend your help as you're passing by  
To lessen the pain and weary sigh.

Then the prayer that you often need to pray  
Will be answered by God, as day by day  
You seek to help, and never in vain,  
When you heed the call of a dog in pain.

## MY FRIEND—THE DOG

TREADING through a maze of instinct, all too misunderstood, decade after decade, a certain intelligence of faith and loyalty and service has touched the path of man's life as has none other of the dumb world.

I am referring to my friend—the dog!

He it is who learned to think and to understand in terms of man who is master. But back to the early days of the chase we must go to understand fully. There was that earliest instinct to kill—for food. Man had it, the dog had it—and has.

But where in all the brute world has there arisen one to cope with the intelligence and feeling and aspiration of a man, as does my friend the dog?

The tiger exists through stealth, and so does the lion, and the leopard. But the dog gives warning. He scents the mind of his master. He leads. He co-operates.

As no other animal, my friend the dog has bridged the great chasm that divides the intelligence of the lower animals from that of man.

My friend the dog understands. He knows his master. He loves him with an intenseness that is almost sacred. He would gladly die for his master. He often does. Ready at an instant's notice for any emergency, he neither offers nor gives any quarter. He is loyal to the end. His is the fight to the finish.

My friend the dog is a true sportsman and a gentleman among his kind.

But deeper than all else is his tenderness and affection. You interpret his words in the wag of his tail, in the touch of his nose, in the warmth of his eye.

GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS



"BOBS," THE DOG WHICH ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF ALL ENGLAND

## A FAMOUS APPEAL

THIS is the story of a dog rescued last year by the National Canine Defence League of England.

"Bobs" belonged to a London school-girl, and had been picked up by the police while he was out in the street without his muzzle. Witnesses at the police court accused him of ferocity, and the magistrate sentenced him to death. Immediate execution was averted by some children, who picked Bobs up in their arms and ran away with him, eventually taking him to his home, where a state of siege prevailed for two days, the police constantly demanding the dog, but failing to secure possession of him.

After making careful inquiry, and having examined Bobs, the League decided on entering an appeal against the decision of the magistrate, being influenced not only by the particular circumstances in the case of Bobs, but also by motives of larger policy, for it was becoming evident that drastic action must be taken to prove that dogs and dog-owners generally had a right to justice and fair play. Bobs became a national dog hero, hundreds of photographs were taken of him, and for many days the newspapers devoted columns to his case.

The League collected over 20,000 signatures from dog-lovers to a petition praying for his reprieve, and it became evident that the death sentence could only be carried out in defiance of public sentiment, for Bobs had become one of the best known and most widely-discussed dogs in history. The children especially were interested in him, and followed the development of the appeal with intense anxiety. Two barristers were engaged on behalf of the League, and at the Clerkenwell Sessions Court the fate of Bobs hung in the balance. A motor char-a-banc full of witnesses for the defense drove to the Court, Bobs occupying the front seat and looking complacently at the forty or more photographers and cinema operators who assembled to secure pictures of the event.

Fifteen witnesses were called for the prosecution, and during the hearing of the case the chairman suggested that the League should

allow the conviction to stand on condition that the death sentence was not carried out. Mr. Curtis Bennett, K. C., who appeared on behalf of the League, refused to accept the suggestion, and the chairman asked for Bobs to be brought into the Court. This was done, and Bobs was placed upon the bench in front of his advocate, while Mr. Curtis Bennett made an eloquent and convincing appeal on his behalf, adding that he was prepared to call fifty witnesses for the defense, including the highest expert evidence procurable.

The exemplary behavior of Bobs immediately created a profoundly favorable impression, and the Chairman of Sessions, without hearing any witnesses for the defense, said that the majority of the magistrates had come to the conclusion that Bobs was innocent of the charge of ferocity, and therefore the conviction would be quashed. Mr. Curtis Bennett agreeing that Bobs should be kept under control in the future. Outside the court a large crowd of sympathizers assembled, and there was a scene of great enthusiasm, cheers being given for all who had helped to save his life, including the League.

This case, which was described by a London newspaper as "the greatest dog drama in history," was a successful effort to secure common justice for the mongrel dog of a poor London school-girl, and typifies the spirit which animates the League.

## THROUGH WITH HONESTY

I'M never going to return a lost article to anyone again," said a Kansas City man the other day.

"Why?" he was asked.

"Well, this fellow advertised a reward for the return of his dog, and no questions asked. And then when I took the dog and went up and rang the bell, his wife answered the door."

APART from all questions of policy and interest, the observance of mercy and kindness toward dumb animals is rich in pure, indefinable satisfaction. It blesses not only the lower being which is the recipient of it, but doubtly him who practises it.

HENRY BERGH

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 17, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

OCTOBER, 1920

FOR TERMS see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 800 words in length, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### A WAY TO HELP

A GOOD friend, a lady whose name we presume she would not have us give, took from *Our Dumb Animals* our appeal for the Horses' Vacation Fund, and sent it to the editor of one of the papers of her city. The editor thanked her and reproduced it. What did that mean? Just as many more appeals as there were copies of the paper printed; our letter, through the *Haverhill, Mass., Gazette*, reaching thousands of readers. One hand stretched out for some tired horse suddenly became a thousand hands. What a fine thing to have an idea—if you act upon it!

### KILLING BEARS WITH ARROWS

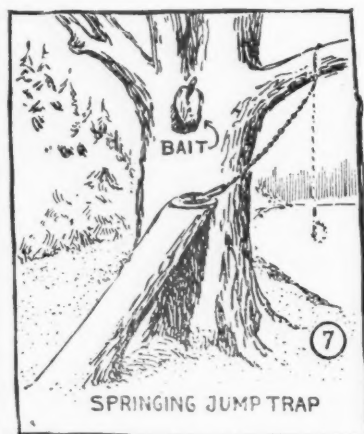
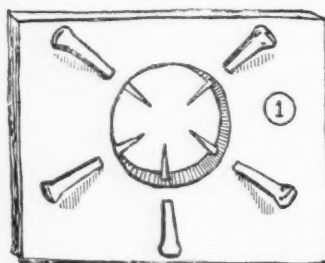
IT is reported that a man named Young, claiming to be the arrow champion of America, was permitted by the United States authorities to attempt the killing of five grizzly bears in Yellowstone Park. Each animal, it is said, was stopped by a single arrow. Stopped—yes, but nothing is said about its being killed. From the account we are led to infer that after being "stopped" with the arrow the bears' sufferings were finished by guns. The United States authorities could be in much better business than joining in such brutal experiments.

### A MOTE TO ONE, A BEAM TO ANOTHER

A LETTER from one of the most distinguished humane workers in Italy says: "Much of your literature is far too advanced for a country where throwing a cat out of the fourth-story window, or beating a horse to death, in one of the chief streets of the city, generally evokes no comment from the passerby."

"In some matters, however, Italy is far in advance of America, for lynching and electrocution are considered incredibly barbaric, while your leaflet on whipping children much shocked the Italians in this office who saw it. Such a thing would never be tolerated in the schools in this country, neither is it ever practised by parents, although the latter may, in a fit of anger, strike their children."

DOES one man in ten thousand ask himself, when he eats meat, what was the cost of this flesh in terror and suffering to the animal from which it was taken? He knows it has had to be killed. Why shouldn't he find out how it was killed?



### THE MERCILESS TRAP

THESE three pictures are taken from the *Illustrated World*. The title of the article in which they appear, with others quite as bad, is "Practical Traps for the Amateur Trapper." This means we have here suggestions for the young lad. Conceive, if you can, the hardness, the cruelty of the heart, that can resort to such devices to take animal life! All for the few dollars, the price of a skin. Here are the comments that accompany the cuts:

1. "Horseshoe nail trap. A simple but effective trap in which the horseshoe nails are driven into the wood at an angle which permits the animal to push his head in, but on account of the slant of the nails, he cannot withdraw it."

4. "Live limb spring trap. During the summer, limbs of trees are trimmed and bent down so as to form spring poles for the swinging of noosed and trapped animals." Jerked into the air, the end must be awaited as in the following case.

7. "Swinging jump trap. In attempting to reach the bait placed just above them, such animals as the fox, fisher, marten, mink,

spring the trap and their struggles cause them to fall from 'set' and swing free in the air. This protects them from other animals and also prevents them from wrenching and gnawing loose." Hanging from the torturing grip of the trap, they remain suspended in the air till death, often delayed perhaps for days, brings release.

What an excellent idea if all our fur stores would hang a few such pictures in their show windows. Customers might be glad to know how many of their furs were obtained. It would make the wearing of them so much more enjoyable!

### THE EGRET AGAIN—HOW CAN BOTH BE RIGHT?

AUTHORITIES on birds, like Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, and Special Leaflet No. 21 of the National Association of Audubon Societies, assure us that "the white herons wear the coveted plumes only during the breeding season; that the parent birds must be shot in order to obtain the plumes; that the young birds in the nests must starve in consequence of the death of the parents." Now, into the controversy going on in England over the plumage bill, the Venezuelan Minister enters with the assertion that the birds shed their plumage annually and that all the gatherers of the wonderful plumes have to do is to go around and pick them up. Dr. Hornaday says this is ridiculous nonsense. Leaflet No. 21, above referred to, gives us the testimony of the camera to support its statements. Let us hope some one will discover whether the Venezuelan Minister is right or wrong.

### HUMBLE HELPERS

DARWIN used to think that few creatures had been of greater blessing to the world than our common angleworms. Vast sections of the earth's surface would be barren waste but for the plowing done by these lowly toilers. They literally turn over hundreds of thousands of acres of soil year after year. Bats, those who know them tell us, destroy myriads of mosquitos, as do also the "devil's darning needles." Can anyone tell us anything good about the mosquito? He certainly gives you fair warning before he bites you. If you don't hear him, it isn't his fault.

### THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS—AND OUR PROMISE

BY observations made with astronomical instruments through which the face of the moon was carefully watched as birds flew across the field of vision, it appears to be demonstrated that the height at which migratory birds fly varies from 1,400 to 5,400 feet. The average seems to be from 1,500 to 3,000. We will send a copy of *Our Dumb Animals* free for six months to every child who will send us, during the next ninety days, a letter saying that he has committed to memory, and can repeat, Bryant's poem, "To a Waterfowl."

JOHN BURROUGHS is credited with the following:

A nuthatch will carry a fragment of a hickory nut to a tree and wedge it into a crevice in the bark. Jays and chickadees hold the nut or seed they would peek under the foot, but the nuthatch makes a vise to hold it of the bark of the tree, and one act is just as intelligent as the other; both are the promptings of instinct.





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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Telephone (Complaints, Ambulance) Brookline 6100

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THEODORE W. PEARSON      AMBROSE F. NOWLIN  
WILLIAM ENOS

#### MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated	596
Animals examined	3,052
Number of prosecutions	24
Number of convictions	24
Horses taken from work	107
Horses humanely destroyed	64
Small animals humanely destroyed	525

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals examined	57,846
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	174

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges a bequest of \$1,000 (additional) from Mrs. Fannie D. Shoemaker of Topsfield.

It has received gifts of \$200 from two New York friends; \$60 from Miss F. B. L.; \$50 from Miss E. M. C.; \$25 each from Mrs. A. C. B., Miss A. P. T., Miss M. P. R., C. and K. L. W., Mrs. M. H., Miss A. F. H., and W. B. P. W.; \$20 each from Miss H. M. and Miss E. B.; and \$15 each from J. F. L. and Miss M. H. T.

The Society has been remembered in the will of Daniel Chessman of Sandwich.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$400 from two New York friends; \$43.06 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature; \$25 from Mrs. E. C., and \$15 from E. H.

September 14, 1920.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Brookline 6100

F. J. FLANAGAN, M.D.C., V.S.

*Chief Veterinarian*

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D. } *Resident Assistants*

WM. M. EVANS, D.V.S. }

D. L. BOLGER, D.V.S.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

#### FREE Dispensary for Animals

Treatment for sick or injured animals  
Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR AUGUST

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	345	Cases	490
Dogs	219	Dogs	309
Cats	80	Cats	169
Horses	45	Horses	4
Rabbit	1	Birds	7
Operations	198	Skunk	1
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, '15, 19,153			
Free Dispensary cases		22,269	
Total		41,422	

#### HORSES WATERED IN AUGUST

DURING August the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. watered horses in Boston, from special stations, as follows:

Copley Square,	23,280
Post Office Square,	18,918
Commercial St. and Atlantic Av.,	21,306

and from the Society's traveling cart, 2,324, making a total of 65,828 for the month. Since the service started, early in the summer, the total number of horses watered is 124,725.

#### TO OUR MANY WOMEN FRIENDS

A group of Boston women deeply interested in the work of our two Societies and the Hospital have planned for a Fair sometime in the late autumn. That they will appreciate the co-operation and help of other friends who are not in Boston goes without saying. We are, therefore, asking that large company of good women in Massachusetts and elsewhere who read *Our Dumb Animals* and love the cause we represent, to add their contributions in useful and salable articles or in money. Gifts of all descriptions may be sent to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass. Please mark on outside of package, "Fair."

#### OUR HUMANE CALENDAR

THE Humane Calendar for 1921, which will be published in similar form to that of previous years, is now on the press. The picture is from a photograph imported from Scotland, showing an attractive little girl holding a dog, with a pony standing at her feet. Humane Societies desiring special editions of the calendar, with the names of their own organization and officers, should place orders at once. The prices are \$18 for 100; \$34 for 200; \$48 for 300, and \$75 for 500, net. For our regular edition, the price is \$15 per 100, net; or 20 cents per copy, postpaid.

#### THE THREE-HUNDRED-MILE RACE

WHAT is the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals going to do this year about the 300-mile endurance race, which occurs in October? This race, it is claimed, has for its end the discovery of the type or breed of horse that can best stand the test of a 300-mile trip in five days. It is also said that the race should determine the kind of horse best suited for the remount service of the United States Army. As to the value of this contest, we express no opinion. Thoroughly good horsemen differ as to this.

Outside of Massachusetts, our Society has no authority to act. But as this race ends at Camp Devens, within our boundaries, we shall have two of our most competent officers and one of our veterinarians at the state line when the horses enter Massachusetts. If at that point, or from that point to the goal, there is evidence of what the law would recognize as unnecessary suffering being caused any of the horses by pushing them too hard in the race, we shall take immediate action against those responsible for the law's violation.

It should be said that these horses are accompanied by veterinarians, that every care possible is given them as to food and rest, and that it is in the interests of their owners that this be done, as lameness or evidence of suffering at the end of the course counts against them. A copy of this article will be sent to the managers of the race.

#### THE END OF THE HUNTERS' SPORT

DR. WILLIAM T. HORNADAY, a big and little game hunter, also at the head of the New York Zoological Park of New York City, is warning the more than 5,000,000 hunters of this country that they are killing off so fast the wild life of the woods and meadows and streams and lakes that unless someone stops them—they never seem to stop themselves—there will soon be no more game to kill. He shows that in the state of New York alone, if a hunter takes the full bag limit the law allows him, it would be possible for him during the open season each year to kill, of deer, rabbits, and squirrels, over 800, and of birds over 9,000. Perhaps the sooner the destruction is over the less, in the long run, the sufferings of the hunted.

#### A SINGULAR HAPPENING

JOHN W. HOWARD, JR., of Pacific Grove, Cal., while reaching his hand into a bird's nest which had been built on top of a telephone pole, was electrocuted by a live wire, and fell at the feet of his mother, who was anxiously watching the boy's movements. He was fourteen years old.

#### CONVENTION AT OMAHA

THE forty-fourth annual meeting of the American Humane Association will be held in Omaha, Nebraska, October 25 to 28, and from present indications will be one of unusual interest. The program on Monday and Tuesday will be devoted to matters relating to child protection, while the sessions on Wednesday and Thursday will be given up to work for animals. Full particulars of the meeting may be had from the headquarters of the Association, 287 State Street, Albany, N. Y.



## American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

### Officers of the American Humane Education Society

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
EBEN. SHUTE, *Treasurer*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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### Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

### Foreign Corresponding Representatives

Nicasia Zulaica C.	Chile
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder	Cuba
Toufik Chamie	Damascus, Syria
Mrs. Florence H. Suckling	England
Edward Fox Sainsbury	France
William B. Allison	Guatemala
Mrs. Lillian Kohler	Jamaica
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé	Japan
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton	Madeira
Mrs. Francisco Patxot	Porto Rico
W. Clint	Quebec
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey
Jerome Perinet	Introduit des
Bands of Mercy en Europe	Switzerland
D. D. Fitch	Venezuela

### Field Workers of the Society

Rev. Richard Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina  
Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington  
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee  
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia  
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas  
Miss Blanche Finley, Columbia, South Carolina

### THE HORSES OF PORTLAND

THERE are few cities in this country that can boast a higher grade of teaming horses than Portland, Maine. The average is high. One seldom sees a horse out of condition as if improperly fed or cared for. The average of the drivers strikes us as unusual. They appear to understand their horses and to know how to handle them. We congratulate Portland, but believe a great part of the improvement in recent years has been due to the fine Work Horse Parade projected and carried out so successfully by Mrs. S. A. Stevens, president of the Maine State Humane Education Society.

## Humane Teaching in Schools

ERNEST BELL, Editor of the *Animals' Friend*, London

THE principal of a large school in Yorkshire recently wrote to me, "I have often wondered how to instil in children the love of animals—I believe it is either there or it is not."

This is true to a certain point, but not by any means wholly so. Love of animals is a special development of sympathy, and like love of music, or work, or astronomy, or anything else, it is developed in varying degrees in all of us. There may be a few quite devoid of it, but, if so, they are great exceptions. It, however, stands on rather a different footing from many other qualities or faculties. For example, to try and teach a distinctly unmusical child music is a pure waste of time, as no good can come of it. But to teach a child justice and sympathy and even a little love of animals is not unimportant, because it materially affects the feelings of other sentient beings which no one has a right to disregard any more than one would like others to disregard one's own feelings. If you agree humaneness ought, as far as possible, to be inculcated, the question arises how can it best be taught. We often hear it said, first, that it is not possible to teach morals in school; secondly, that morals are being taught all the time; and thirdly, that morals should be taught in the home, and not at school. If morals can not be taught, why does every well-meaning person, parent, teacher, or friend, try to impress upon children that they should be honest and truthful, kind to their little brothers and sisters, and brave and unselfish? What is the meaning of the millions of sermons every year in churches and chapels, the thousands of lectures on ethical questions? What would be the use of the whole of the Band of Mercy work? If morals can be taught out of school, they can, of course, be taught in school also. As a nation we have not tried the experiment yet. All that has been done in this way has been by private organizations or personal enterprise.

Would anyone affirm that if we took as much care and trouble to inculcate sympathy with suffering, as we do indifference and cruelty, we should not in a few years see a marked difference in our behavior toward the so-called lower animals?

The Scout movement has always seemed to me to be an excellent one. It is real education; it is founded on quite right lines, the boy's natural tribal instinct and love of adventure is utilized and turned into a new and useful direction. I have often wondered whether any games could be invented which do not bring in the desire to worst someone else, and the Scout game does it. There is a healthy rivalry, but the rivalry is to beat the other in being helpful and showing kindness. The rules as to the treatment of animals have been excellent, and cannot but have a good influence on the boys' after lives.

The essential point in education should not be mathematics, science, or languages. To attain the end I advocate nothing is better in the case of children than the awakening in them of a feeling of interest and love for animals. To most children it comes naturally with a little encouragement and guidance, but many fall into the opposite mental habit more readily when they are left uninstructed, or are perhaps deliberately encouraged.

The Americans are a long way ahead of us in this matter. An American Humane Education Society has been formed and nineteen different states of America have a definite time set apart for instruction in schools in humane subjects. There are, I know, two main difficulties in carrying out this much-needed and truly educative reform. The first is the difficulty of finding room in the curriculum for any new subject. This is a question for the education authorities rather than the teachers, but surely to make room for a work of such vital importance, something else may be omitted. The human race and the country will never be regenerated by learning algebra, astronomy, French, or book-keeping, but by learning the ethics of right conduct toward each other. The second difficulty is to know how to teach a subject which, in itself, is rather vague. A new subject is always a difficulty, as the teacher himself probably needs to learn something off his special line before he can effectually teach it. There is, however, a Moral Instruction League in London which has done excellent work, and several books by their lecturer, Mr. F. J. Gould, contain very valuable matter, and also show how to utilize it. With regard to animals especially, we have the experience of the Bands of Mercy to work on; their methods are daily demonstrated and are in every way excellent. Instead of the "Hymn of Hate" you have heard of, why should not school children start the day with a hymn of brotherhood and love? This would at once give a tone to the morning's work, and even this one item would dwell in the child's retentive memory.

It is the little things of one's life which often influence people; with regard to the treatment of animals, we cannot be too particular, especially with children, who pick up things rapidly and will adopt the same attitude of mind.

### EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

#### An Annuity Plan

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, Charles G. Bancroft, president of the International Trust Company, Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, and John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject and will be glad to furnish all further details.

## THE NEW KENTUCKY LAW

Editorial in *Southern School Journal*

A LITTLE bill passed by the last session of the Legislature, which has occasioned little comment, is one which will be found to be perhaps the most potent of all in the building of character. We refer to the law which requires the teaching of kindness to animals, or humane treatment of dumb creatures. The child who is taught to be considerate of weaker creatures is not likely to take advantage of a fellow-man whom circumstance has placed in his hands. Graft and greed will be given a hard blow through the observance of the law. The teachers of Scott County have realized the possibilities of humane education, and are to read *Our Dumb Animals* this year. A better investment could not be made than this little magazine devoted to the cause of justice to our dumb friends.

## RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS

CATS and dogs, of course, have their places. But so have children. It is true that some people value animals less than others, but at any event cats were not made for the sole pleasure of children to pick up and toss around without any regard for a sense of feeling and discomfort, says a writer in the *Telegram*, Lawrence, Mass. Only yesterday, somewhere along the Lowell road, I saw one of those children who of his own instinct knows no better than sling a cat over his shoulder and allow it to hang upside down or indeed in any other almost impossible position, take it by one leg, etc. The child is not to blame in such cases, but the parents are.

It is a good thing for children to have pets to learn lessons of unselfishness and kindness, but it is cruel to the animals and to the children themselves to allow them to handle animals carelessly. I once heard a woman say that if her children wanted to play with the cat and treat him roughly she didn't mind, for the cats weren't good for much of anything else. She is supposed to be a fairly intelligent, cultured woman. There is something very fine in life that a person loses who is allowed to grow up without thought or mercy for creatures which, because they cannot talk, must take the abuse that superior strength too frequently offers.

WRITE to the American Humane Education Society, Boston, for full particulars about the organization of the Band of Mercy.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other Society of a similar character.

## FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or, to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of ..... dollars (or if other property, describe the property).



AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

Photo by R. R. Salloupe

## A FOREST TRAGEDY

GERTRUDE MAY FORGE

A LARGE bull moose sniffed the air cautiously as he came to a lake in the heart of the forest to drink. The strange, foreign smell which reached his nostrils stirred unpleasant memories. Once before he had scented that same odor and he still remembered those agonized moments when he saw his beloved mate, fall dead a hundred yards or so from him. He sniffed again to make sure. Yes, he knew now that his sacred haunts were again invaded by those cruel men creatures.

On the other side of the lake, not twenty yards away, Jim and Alec were crouched with their guns aimed, ready to shoot. Keen as the moose had been to sense danger, he was not quick enough to escape before the first shot was fired. Fortunately the lake was between him and his enemies. He turned and fled, but that stinging pain in his shoulder almost crazed him, and he dashed through the forest until he dropped with exhaustion and loss of blood.

"Let the poor beast go, Jim," said Alec. "It will take hours to track him. We have splendid trophies to take home and we must reach Painsec today at four."

In their haste to leave, they forgot to extinguish the fire which they had built to cook their lunch. A strong wind fanned the smouldering ashes into a blaze and in an incredibly short time the forest was on fire.

The moose was awakened by a dull, crackling sound. The lurid glare almost blinded him and he felt the hot breath of the flames close to him. Here was a new enemy, more terrible than the men, from whom he must flee. With a painful effort he struggled to his feet; the flames and the smoke maddened him and he dashed forward once more, but a fallen trunk in his onward path hurled him headlong, where he lay in a huddled heap. On came the fiery tongues of flame lapping around the dry trunks and branches; closer they came to the fallen animal, but not till his haunches were badly scorched did strength, born of despair, come to him. With a frantic, agonized movement, his eyes starting in terror, he made one more attempt to escape, and by a lucky turn, at last left the path of the sea of fire behind him. But his strength was ebbing fast and he sank at the edge of the forest.

A few days later, game wardens found the dead body of a bull moose, his wounded

shoulder and terribly burned hind quarters telling all too plainly the cause of his death.

And Jim and Alec, the jolly, kind-hearted comrades, little dreamed that they were responsible for the poor creature's needless suffering and his untimely end, and for the miles of destroyed timber land, where those monarchs of the forest now looked like scarred and blackened skeletons, silent witnesses of man's carelessness.

## ANIMALS GOING AND GONE

GAME laws are mere "scraps of paper" in the face of an army of well-armed and indefatigable hunters! "Unless hunters can content themselves with small kills, there will be no game in the future, anywhere!" This is the testimony of an American traveler after his investigation of the condition and extent of wild life in the countries of northern Africa, Italy, and France. Many species have been completely extinguished. In North Africa the lion, hartebeest, leopard and ostrich have disappeared; panther, jackal, mouflon and gazelle are candidates for oblivion, and now may be found only in a few localities. Bird life in Italy is at a low ebb. Shooting and trapping have practically denuded the country of birds of all kinds and there seems to be no way to stem the tide of destruction. France is deploring the decrease and absence of bird life and is taking measures to restock and restore the vanishing species.

Slaughter without limit makes game laws a farce. Wild life has no longer any defence against murderous man's modern firearms and his other multitudinous death-dealing devices.

TEACH children to reverence the Heavenly Father's creation, to regard all living beings as playfellows, not playthings; appeal to the latent chivalry of the boy's manhood, and to the inborn tenderness of the girl's womanhood to protect the weak and defend the helpless; and you are training the world's true gentlemen and gentlewomen, making ready, in however humble a fashion, for the day when creation shall cease to groan and travail, when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb and a little child shall lead them. LINDA GARDINER

Join the Jack London Club and help stop the cruelty of trained animal performances.



## RIDING IN TRUCKS

HELEN M. RICHARDSON

**POOR** mild-eyed cattle, riding in a truck!  
*I wonder if you like it as you go  
 Jolting along in sunshine or in rain,  
 Huddled together, heaving side to side.  
 God meant you to chew grass in meadows green,  
 Wade in clear pools, knee deep, with swishing  
 tail,  
 At sundown stand and yield the creamy milk  
 To hands well skilled,—not to be packed in  
 trucks,  
 Waterless, blanketless, in heat or cold.  
 You question not or caril, being dumb;  
 And so men find you willing, patient slaves.  
 Last night was heard the tinkle of your bells  
 As home from pasture you slow wandered on.  
 Today you're hurried through the city streets,  
 No more to revel in the cool, lush grass,  
 Or lie down 'neath the shade of some green tree,  
 Wander at will through nature's wide domain,  
 But crowded into trucks thence to be sold.  
 And we, who see you pass along the way  
 In uncomplaining patience, wonder why  
 Mankind alone, with power to do and be,  
 Rebels against restraint.*

## DOG DIES TO SAVE FAMILY

**T**HE postmaster at Milford, Mass., verifies the following newspaper account of how a pet dog saved the lives of seven members of the family of Angelo Moschatelli, but was himself burned to death in the flames which destroyed the Moschatelli cottage on the line between Milford and Holliston, last August.

Fire of unknown origin swept through the lower floor of the cottage shortly before dawn. The dog spread an alarm when the fire began, and as the flames spread along the walls, the animal ran from room to room, awakening the occupants with his barks. One of the daughters of Angelo Moschatelli narrowly escaped death when she was awakened by the animal's noise. Her hair caught fire and her shoulders were scorched, but she escaped from the room.

All the other families escaped from the house in their night-clothes. But the canine hero waited too long, and he died in the flames that ruined the cottage before fire apparatus could be summoned.

**THANK** God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and contentment, and a hundred virtues which the idle will never know.

CHARLES KINGSLEY



FOSTER-MOTHERS OF THE HUMAN RACE

## The Kindness of Animals to Men

## An Unusual Point of View

**T**HERE is a society for preventing cruelty to animals, and its work is, unhappily, greatly needed. Possibly, however, a society for discovering the kindness of animals to men might be just as effective, perhaps more so, in preventing cruelty. Certainly its task of discovery would not be a difficult one. For the story of mankind from earliest times teems with illustrations of the ready way in which the "lower creatures," as they are called, have sacrificed their own comfort and life, for the benefit of their comrade, Man.

Consider how from earlier times, the cow, the bullock, the pig, the sheep, have been content to become mere eating machines to feed and clothe the children of men.

Think of the meals you have consumed, add their details together, and reflect upon the herds that have given their life for yours. What gallons of milk, what bales of wool, what tons of flesh, what mountains of bone you have used in the course of your years?

Pleasanter perhaps is it to think of the perpetual toiling of the bee, and the succulent essence of flowers we enjoy as a result.

Does such sacrifice call for no recognition? Can we permit ourselves to remain so hopelessly in debt? Have you never stood in a cattle-market and wondered, as you watched the frequent cruelty of men, what might happen did the flocks and herds unite their greater strength and make determined revolt? Or think of the loads that you might have been compelled to carry yourself if it had not been for that ready servant of man—the horse. We are willing enough to say good-bye to him now that motor traction has been discovered, but would civilization not have taken years, perhaps centuries longer, over its tasks of exploration and organization, but for the co-operation of this noble creature? He does not like, any more than you, the bit in his mouth, yet with what monumental patience he endures it. Recall the hecatombs of horse, slain in man's conquests, scrapped in his commerce, abandoned in exhaustion upon his great journeys, and consumed by his pets! Yet is there any great ode in literature celebrating such colossal sacrifice! Only, so far as I can recall, "The Arab's Farewell to His Steed," which is scarcely an epic.

The way in which the so-called dumb creatures have spoken with dramatic results upon the stage of history, is worth recalling.

The overthrow of the Roman Empire by its savage Northern foes, so we were taught at school, was effectively delayed by the timely warning of a surprise attack given to the Romans in the Capitol, by the geese kept on the premises. What an invaluable "quack"

was that for the great world metropolis!

That glorious champion of religious and civil liberty, William the Silent, was once surprised in camp by a band of assassins, 600 strong, in the dead of night. His sentries slept and so did he, but there was one wakeful faithful guard—a little spaniel. He leaped upon the Prince's sleeping form and by the use of his claws and his timely bark he wakened the Prince just in time for him to effect his escape. The great work accomplished by William the Silent was nowhere near completion at that crisis. That it ever was completed, to the inestimable blessing of mankind, is indisputably and forever due to our friend, the dog.

To mention the dog is at once to call up a long vista of heroic deeds done by this noble species for the sake of mankind. Charlotte Brontë has recorded the finding at Herculaneum of the skeleton of the dog Delta, stretched over that of a boy of twelve, with an inscription on his collar, telling how he had three times saved his master's life—from the sea, from robbers, and from wolves. Evidently he perished in a brave attempt to keep the flow of molten lava from his little master.

The innumerable rescues effected in the Alps by the St. Bernard dogs are known to all, but less regarded possibly is the part played in polar expedition and in life within the Arctic Zones by the brave, patient sledge-dogs.

And what shall we say of that plucky little ally of ours in the Great War, the insignificant but invaluable carrier pigeon? Many of these brave birds have given their lives in the attempt to maintain communications during this terrible struggle. Only recently some English airmen, whose machine fell into the sea during a flight, owed the saving of their lives to one of these birds which succeeded in making the mainland with its appeal for help, only to yield up its life on the threshold of the coast-guard station. Who can say how far the success of critical operations at sea and on shore, has turned from time to time upon the struggles of these little creatures to do their appointed duty?

Perhaps the most surprising and interesting story of all is one that occurred in the writer's own town, in England. One Sunday afternoon, in the August of 1917, a man proceeded to his allotment for a few hours' work. He took with him, as usual, his dog, a great pet. Towards five o'clock the dog grew very restive and kept trotting excitedly towards home and back again. Every whit as eloquently as Balaam's ass, he was speaking his mind and saying with eyes and tail and voice and action, "Please come home." The man grew curious and consented. He had scarcely reached the shelter of his house when a number of giant Gothas floated over the town, dropping their ghastly messengers of death. Afterwards it was found that a bomb had exploded on his allotment, smashing to splinters the chair on which he usually rested. Does anyone think that this man needs the recommendations of the S. P. C. A.? I think not. Nor would the world at large if they simply considered the amazing and generous service which animals render to men.

That service puts us all under a debt of honor. Let us be scrupulous in our payment of it.

A. D. B.

## TO A BUTCHER-BIRD

WAYNE GARD

COME closer, let me see your glossy coat—  
You needn't fear a farmer boy like me,  
For truly I enjoy your company—  
Come, let me hear the song that's in your throat.  
Pick up the fattest grubs my plow throws out,  
And carry to that hungry brood I found  
In yonder bulky nest, high off the ground,  
With feathers lined within, and twigs without.

Your acts of cruelty I long have known;  
I've seen the meadow-mice, and sparrows, too,  
Which you impale on barb or thorny snag.  
And yet, that hunter with a blood-stained bag  
Who passed a while ago—he's worse than you.  
You kill to live—he kills for sport alone.

## THE CALL OF THE LOON

D. LANGE

NATURE seems to have created the loon to make the wild places wilder. The long-drawn call at night, the broken laughter on the wing, you will never forget. Loons and grebes are the most aquatic of all our birds. I fancy both would have lost their legs if they did not need them for swimming. As far as I know, the loon goes on land only for the purpose of nesting. Its real element is the water. Here it dives and swims in a way to baffle all enemies.

Loons live on small fish, for which they dive to very considerable depths. I have a photograph of a loon that became entangled in a fishermen's net at a depth of sixty feet. When you camp and travel in the Northwoods, do not shoot at the loons with firearms. It will require more skillful hunting to take home with



Photo from National Audubon Society

## THE LOON

you good photographs of the great diver, its nest or its young.

The call of the loon is one of the wildest sounds in nature. After the silence of night has fallen over lakes and forests, you may hear it like a long-drawn-out wail or cry, having an almost human tone. Perhaps it comes from a lake a mile away, perhaps it is uttered as the bird wings its way over the tree-tops. But do not be disturbed by its weirdness, the bird is only uttering its long-distance note to its mate or friends; it is not a call of danger or ill omen.

## A Jester in Gray

CHARLES A. DAVID

A SHOWER following the glare of a June day is enough to put all Nature in a genial mood. Raindrops are trembling on every leaf, the rose petals are freighted with pearls, and each grass blade is diamond-tipped. As the level rays of the sunset open golden aisles across lawn and garden, a catbird, swaying on an althea spray, suddenly breaks into song. This vesper hymn swells into a strain, silver sweet, in its bell-like clearness. The song throbs, bubbles and trills, and finally dies away in a riotous burst of melody. As we listen, entranced, hoping for another number, a shrill catcall, followed by a raucous squawk, comes from the direction of the altheas—and another dream is spoiled, another ideal shattered!

The catbird is nothing if he is not surprising. He is a curious jumble of contradictions—the leader of a double life, a regular "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" of birddom. One minute he is a virtuoso, the next a veriest clown. One minute a fountain of melody, the next the producer of that which even a bagpipe would refuse to own. How he, with an ear so delicately attuned to the sweetest sounds, can deliberately make up his mind to utter some of the discords that he gets off, is beyond our comprehension.

Most becomingly gowned in dark gray satin, with a form graceful and trim, he has a habit of suddenly assuming a most hang-dog pose. With head drawn back in his body, with shoulders hunched, with feathers ruffled and dowdy, with tail hanging limp, he presents the appearance of a down-and-out tramp. While we are wondering why he doesn't hang an empty tin can from his back and cover his head with a crownless derby, so as to carry out the illusion, he shakes himself into life, springs lightly to a swinging rose vine, and is once more the tuneful little elf of the garden.

A grape arbor would hardly be a grape arbor did it not hide the home of a pair of catbirds. They are rather slovenly housekeepers, and though their nests may answer the purpose, they would never take a prize alongside of those the oriole or the house wren builds. Their nest is loosely constructed, of whatever material is handiest, scraps of newspaper, feathers, rags and coarse twigs. Though the outside is crude and rough, the interior is carefully woven, and finished with fine dry grass, a fitting basket for the five green-blue eggs.

The catbird, with all his erratic ways, manages to settle down and make a model husband when domestic duties call. While his demure little mate is engaged in keeping warm those wonderful eggs, he brings her the fattest cut-worms and the reddest cherries he can find. Then, perched on a nearby twig, he adjusts a new record and reels off a lively air for her pleasure.

When the five eggs disappear and five small babies take their place, the catbird gives up his masquerading and devotes his time to bringing home groceries for the hungry nestlings. This is no light job, for those five mouths are always open, and the five stomachs always empty. The catbird is almost as good a mimic as his cousin, the mockingbird. Nothing delights him more than to succeed in catching the note of some other bird, and then to repeat it over and over again—never tiring of his new accomplishment.

He likes to tease the cat, as she slinks across the lawn, by flying down and making as if he would strike her; all the while giving a fairly good imitation of her voice. With all his eccentricities, we can't help but like the rollicking, happy-go-lucky little fellow.

He is always so confiding and friendly, generally locating his nest in a vine or shrub



## THE CATBIRD

quite near the house, as if putting himself and family under our care and protection. After that, it is hard to think harshly of him, when we notice how much of his time is spent in our favorite cherry tree or in trips to the strawberry rows. Surely he should be pardoned for loving fruit so well and for his small depredations along that line, when we remember how industriously he works in ridding our gardens and trees of noxious worms and injurious insects. We would rather miss a few berries in early spring than miss the cheery presence of this little mimic the rest of the year.

## INEVITABILITY

LILLIAN SUTTON PELÉE

AROUND her shoulders she wore  
A scarf of the breasts of dead marabou birds,  
Yet she had a tender, kindly face.  
The breeze lifted and caressed the soft gray down  
Of the dead marabou birds.  
Soon the earth will wear her, too,  
Calmly, unfeelingly.  
The breeze will lift and caress  
The grass that blows over her.

## SAVING THE BIRDS IN ALBERTA

ALBERTA has arranged to do its share toward the protection of migratory birds, including wild ducks, geese, plover and so on, and has established seven large sanctuaries where the wild fowl will not be molested. The size of these safe retreats may be estimated from the fact that one of the smallest is Buffalo Lake in the heart of one of the finest wild duck shooting areas in the world. The shore line of this lake measures more than one hundred and fifteen miles.—*Caledonian*

## The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
  2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See prices of Band of Mercy supplies on last page.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Forty-eight new Bands of Mercy were reported in August. Of these 21 each were in Connecticut and Kentucky; two in Florida; and one each in Maine, Texas, Canada and India.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 128,311

### THE CALL OF THE CAGED

ADDIE M. WOOLSEY

FROM out the Park  
At dawn and dark  
Come sounds of woe!  
From morn till eve  
The caged ones grieve—  
Why keep them so?

We, too pace back  
On narrow track  
And make our moan;  
Raise pleading eyes  
To silent skies  
And sigh and groan.

Against the bars  
In futile rage  
We struggle so!  
'Til God, in pity  
Opens the cage  
And lets us go.

### CHARLES KINGSLEY AND HIS PETS

IN "Charles Kingsley, His Letters, and Memories of His Life," edited by his wife, we read:

"But to speak of his home without mentioning his love of animals would be to leave the picture incomplete. His dog and his horse were his friends, and they knew it and understood his voice and eye. . . . His dog Dandy, a fine Scotch terrier, was his companion in all his parish walks, attended at the cottage lectures and school lessons, and was his and the children's friend for thirteen years. . . . He took great delight in cats; the stable had always its white cat, and the house its black or tabby, whose graceful movements he never tired of watching. . . . On the rectory lawn dwelt a family of natterjacks (running toads), who lived on from year to year in the same hole, which the scythe was never allowed to approach. He made friends with a pair of sand wasps, one of which he had saved from drowning. They lived in a crack of the window in his dressing-room, and every spring he would look out eagerly for them or their children as they came out or returned to the same crack. The little flycatcher, who built its nest every year under his bedroom window, was a constant joy to him."



"EARL M." THE MARKS PONY, CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

### ROYAL BAND OF MERCY

IN the town of Burlingame, California, the newly-organized Royal Band of Mercy is attracting much attention. The Band is the outcome of the work of Mrs. Saidee Gerard Ruthrauff, at whose home, "The Pasture," the weekly meetings are held. There are now forty members.

Each youngster is keeping a watchful eye for cruelties practised in Burlingame, and reports to the society what he is doing to stop them. They have the assistance of the humane officer, but hope they may not have to use force.

One member saved a dog from an unmerited whipping. Another case was reported by a boy who saw some heartless youths drench a bird's nest with a hose, precipitating all the little ones dripping wet to the ground. Remonstrating, the rescuers threatened to inform the humane officer. They gently dried the birds and left them where the mother was flying near by, who found and cared for them.

The Band has announced that it will care for homeless animals. Already five cats, one goat, and a turtle have been received. The president, Ralph Bishop, a lad of fifteen, is very enthusiastic and gives very interesting talks to the children at each meeting. He recently said: "Next to father and mother, a child's best friend is an animal or pet, and the thing which makes that animal love you is kindness."

Funds for the purchase of literature and other necessary supplies are being raised by the efforts of Mrs. Ruthrauff, who makes attractive telephone cards which are sold from door to door by Ralph Bishop. Already the sum of \$32 has been raised in this manner. Much of the money will be used to feed the homeless animals in the refuge.

All Band of Mercy boys and girls should join the Jack London Club.

### PET PONY GIVES ALARM

Imogene Marks Rescued from Plight When Thrown into Gully

EARLY one morning last August, Imogene Marks, fourteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marks, of Canandaigua, N. Y., went for a ride on her bay hunter, "Laddie M." She followed a narrow path along the banks of a gully in the rear of Point Rochester, where the Marks summer home is situated. A small Shetland pony, "Earl M.," a pet of Miss Marks and her sister Lucille, followed close upon the heels of the hunter. In some way—Miss Marks thinks that the bank broke away under her horse's hoofs—both horse and rider were thrown down a fifteen-foot embankment.

Just before nine o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Marks were surprised to see the pony running down to the cottage. He whinnied loudly, ran back toward the glen, then to the house and back toward the glen again. Then the big hunter appeared at the barn, riderless. These strange actions led the Marks family to fear that something was wrong, so they started a search at once.

An employee of Mr. Marks finally heard calls for help, in the direction of the gully, and found Miss Imogene at the bottom of the glen, suffering with a fractured ankle bone. The girl was placed on his horse, taken to the cottage, and then to the hospital.

Mr. Marks, in a letter to *Our Dumb Animals*, says: "The remarkable thing about it, I think, was that the pony did not go to the stable, because neither horse had been fed that morning, as it was very early. The pony made two trips from the gully to the house before we realized the cause of his action. I cannot speak in too high terms of the pony."

The picture shows the pony and Lucille Marks, eleven-year-old sister of Imogene.

"Blessed are the merciful."



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## FRISKY LITTLE MOUSIE

EVA BUTTERFIELD ADAMS

**L**ITTLE mousie, unafraid,  
*Darting joyously about;  
 Running there and back again,  
 Hunting crumbs to eat, no doubt.  
 Scrambling up the roughened wall,  
 Peering through the window pane;  
 Looking for a tiny hole,  
 Entrance free, but all in vain.*

*Eyes so bright and ears so big,  
 Tail is very round and long;  
 Fur so soft and dusty gray;  
 Voice is heard, but not in song.  
 Now at sudden whim he fled,  
 To the curb he quickly skipped;  
 We can find no hair of him,  
 Clear from sight that fellow slipped.*

*All is quiet, all is still,  
 He has disappeared from sight;  
 Not a hole where mouse might hide,  
 Yet from view he's vanished quite.  
 Ah, that paper bag's alive!  
 There's a scamper, then a peek,  
 Next a flash of funny tail,  
 Mousie's playing "hide and seek."*

## SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS

LILLIAN LORING TROTT

**L**ITTLE Mary May curled up in the morris chair and took a nap. Papa May was busy in his study, and Mamma May was at work in the sewing room, so merry little Daughter May had the bay window of the nursery all to herself.

"Mamma told me to put my playthings all away before luncheon," she whispered to herself, "But I'm sleepy. I guess I'll leave them till bedtime."

But her slumber was not so peaceful as she planned. The animals from Noah's Ark, scattered over the floor, ranged up in a line and scolded her, each in turn. The dog barked at her, the donkey brayed at her, the crow harshly cawed at her.

"You kicked me around as if I had no feeling," said the water spaniel.

"You rap me whenever you feel cross," Dan Donkey complained.

"You lift me by the tail feathers, and I'm afraid they'll come out," the ebony bird cocked his head on one side, shut one eye, and blinked at her with the other.

"I didn't know you could feel," gasped merry Mary May. "I never knew you were *real*."

"Then why did you fling me across the room, and hit the goat with me when you were angry?" the elephant demanded. Elephants are not in the habit of being tossed around by little girls, and it put him in a rage.

"I never thought I would hear you talk," little merry Mary changed the subject in haste.

"You never will when you're awake," poor, patient Pussy, made of cloth and stuffed with wool for a Christmas present, kindly explained. "When you are awake you cannot understand our language. That is why I didn't cry when you pulled my tail."

"People see things so much plainer when they're asleep," spoke up Teddy Bear, gift of a dear little boy who never bangs his pets' heads on the floor.

But the rocking-horse was blunter than any of the others. "When you switch me with that whip of yours, and ride me at break-neck speed, just remember you are not the only pebble on the beach. I am some consequence."

"Consequence: what a long word;" little merry Mary May spoke it slowly, "con-se-quence," and the effort awoke her. She rubbed her eyes guiltily and started to pick up her toys. And the house cat, Fluff, and the farm dog, Bounce, both came in from the kitchen to greet her.

"If it hurts the Ark dog and cat to be rough with them, real, live things like you must take it unkindly when I plague you two," she told them, and patted them both. "I wonder if you fellows have any dream talk that I could understand?"



A HALLOWE'EN PARTY

## TRAPPED

ELLEN D. MASTERS

HE trod the pathless forest wild,  
With easy stealth and grace,  
Nor dreamed there lurked a deadly foe  
In such familiar place—

A foe 'gainst which his trusty claws  
And teeth, like ivory spears,  
Prove helpless as his frightened cries,  
Unheard by human ears.

Caught by a demon of the dark,  
With jaws that clinch and probe  
And grip him till he dies, at last,  
To yield his seamless robe.

A beautiful thing, all must allow—  
A pelt of silken sheen,  
Too costly, though, for merchant prince  
Or wrap of richest queen.

Who can afford the trapper's furs—  
Whose gain and gold outweigh  
The unknown price of agony  
The forest martyrs pay?

## A HUMANE BOYCOTT

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

Whenever I see an animal being mistreated, I make it my business at once and "on the spot" to remonstrate, and caution the person thus caught in the act. If it is a horse that is misused and my warning seems likely to be soon forgotten by the driver, I go to a telephone and have a talk with the owner, if possible, tell him the circumstances and what I have done, and find out, if I can, how much it concerns him whether or not his horse gets fair treatment from the driver.

If it is the "boss" whom I get, after stating the facts to him, I use the "square deal" argument with which he is not unfamiliar. In nearly all cases I readily secure the "boss's" promise that he will not allow his drivers to be cruel to their horses. Then I pursue a policy of "watchful waiting" to see if the promise is carried out in good faith.

I have long since made it a practice not to patronize any individual or firm that does not give its horses fair treatment at home or abroad, and I frankly and plainly tell them the reason, as well as all my friends and neighbors. I believe in a "humane boycott" of those whom I know to be principals or accessories in the crime of cruelty to dumb animals.

"BE KIND TO ANIMALS,"

Charleston, S. C.

## IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

THE CELESTIAL CIRCUS, Cornelia Walter McClary.

This interesting collection of juvenile poems, many of which originally appeared in *St. Nicholas*, *The Youth's Companion*, *Little Folks*, and other magazines, deals fancifully with beasts and birds, flowers and toys, and such manifestations of nature as the rainbow, sunshine, etc. The title of the volume, which we regret was not more happily chosen, refers to the zodiac, so that the performances of the animals are not the kind to which the Jack London Club objects. A sort of fairy atmosphere surrounds many of the conceits, which cannot help appealing to the imagination of children. The book is prettily bound in blue boards, with gilt decorations and white cloth back.

89 pp., \$1.50 net. The Cornhill Company, Boston.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 696 Washington Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue.

## TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

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